

BIG CROPS ASSURED IN WESTERN CANADA

Need of Farm Labor Urgently
Required for Harvest.

Rains of the past week which have been general throughout all portions of Western Canada, covering MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN, and ALBERTA, have placed beyond all manner of doubt the certainty of vast grain crops throughout the entire district.

Reports from all points indicate marvellous and rapid growth. The conditions of a week or so back, which were decidedly less promising and led many to think that there might be a partial failure, have disappeared altogether and now there is a wave of optimism circulating throughout the entire country.

In 1916 there were numerous fields reported from all parts, and it would appear now as if in many places the yields of 1915 would be equaled if not bettered.

What might appear to be a drawback, is the apparent shortage of farm help. The Province of Manitoba through its Employment Bureau in Winnipeg is asking for 10,000 harvest hands and over offering from \$5 to \$8 per day. The Province of Saskatchewan is asking for 15,000 extra hands to take care of the immense harvest that is certain to be reaped in that Province. In Alberta the crop area is somewhat less, the labor not so numerous, somewhat better, and is making a request for 5,000 extra farm hands.

Interviewing the officials of the different Governments, they are inclined to the opinion that as the crops in Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, Illinois and other Central States are harvested there will be a movement northward that will materially help to take care of the labor shortage. With the low railroad rates that may be secured on application to the Employment Office in Winnipeg and at boundary points, or which may be secured through the Canadian Government Office at Chicago, Ill., Toronto, Montreal, Milwaukee, Wis., Kansas City, Mo., Omaha, Neb., Des Moines, Ia., Waterloo, S. D., St. Paul, Minn., and Grand Forks, N. D., will give to those seeking employment the opportunity to reach the harvest fields at a low rate.—Advertisement.

Take Time for Play.

It is not good to keep on working and business continually as to forget that "a little weakness now and then is followed by the sweet men."

INVENTIVE GENIUS ROBS CALOMEL OF NAUSEA AND DANGER

Doctors' Favorite Medicine Now
Purified and Refined from All
Objectionable Effects. "Calo-
tals"—the New Name.

What will human ingenuity do next? Smokeless powder, wireless telegraphy, harness carriage, colorless iodine, tasteless quinine—now comes Calomel refined. The new improvement called "Calotals" is now on sale at drugstores.

For biliousness, constipation and indigestion the new Calomel tablet is a practically perfect remedy, as evidenced by the fact that the manufacturers have authorized all druggists to refund the price if the customer is not "perfectly delighted" with Calotals. One tablet at bedtime with a swallow of water—that's all. No taste, no nausea, no griping, no salts. By morning your liver is thoroughly cleansed and you are feeling fine, with a hearty appetite. Eat what you please—no danger—go about your business.

Calotals are not sold in bulk. Get an original package, sealed. Price, thirty-five cents.—(adv.)

Seems So.

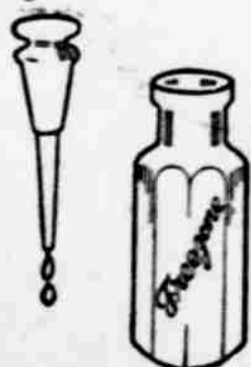
"Well, the saloon is out of politics." "Sure is. The golf links have the call now."

SAY "DIAMOND DYES"

Don't streak or ruin your material in a poor dye. Insist on "Diamond Dyes." Easy, effective in package.

"CORN"

Lift Right Off Without Pain



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freestone" on an itching corn. Instantly that corn stops burning, then shortly you'll lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freestone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Modern Maxims.

"Hit your wagon to a star."
"What advice have you for motorists?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.



CHAPTER X.—Continued.

He hobbled on ahead, and many walked close beside the white men, but there was no talking. If the miners were curious, they were silent. If they were as distrustful as they appeared in places, they were for the moment persuaded by the Arab.

Con smiled calmly. There was a ledge where the walls sloped back to meet the lowering roof, and in the wedge-shaped space between, the white men were permitted to conceal themselves. Lexington drew his friend further into the narrowing space, and at once the torches were gone. Silence came about the two as they waited. From beyond a jutting wall the light from the gas fire faintly colored the rock, leaving the hiding place in deep shadow.

"I talked with Helen about these men," said March. "They are the sons of captive mothers and fathers. Their blood is pure, or has already been diluted in the city. That is their crime; they are not blended or necessary to the blood, and so, as outcasts, are sentenced to the work here. The women are not all deformed, and the children are not always born dwarfs, but I understand that the tables are turned to the city, to be raised in the houses of the war caste. The legs and backs of the male children are 'wadded' in order to nip any future revolt. The arms are left unshort, for the sake of labor. It is well thought out."

"The devil's own scheme," said Con. "There are pure Japanese here, pure Persians, the Lord knows how many different elements not desired for the purposes of empire."

"But how did you begin to persuade them?"

"I thought of their grievances and made the most of that. It appears that they have at different times cherished the idea of a revolution; our Arabian friend was one of the candidates for leadership, years ago, he says, but his legs were too bad. They had to give it up. Don't that the bitterest humor?"

"I won't go anywhere again without learning the language," said Con.

"It was almost as if they had been looking for us," added March.

"I hope we can make good your promises."

"I hope they can protect us."

"Curious game, isn't it?" mused Lexington. He was thinking now of Princess Helen.

"You're not much elated over our deliverance," objected the elder comrade.

"Wait! Waitman said that if a thousand perfect men were to appear before him, he wouldn't be surprised."

"Is that the way you feel?" laughed March.

"Yes. That's one book Helen ought to have. Wait could show her what's the matter with Tan Kuan."

"You might do that yourself," said the father, and the conversation stopped.

Distinctly Lexington heard the miners rousing the camels for another day's work.

"It must be almost daylight," said March.

"All the same down here, but I suppose they can track us in the daytime."

"Back at my desk, to the days before I found Chee Ming," said March. "I was depressed because I felt I should never reach the heart of the Gobi. It had become the same as heaven to me, and all my dream ladders had failed, toppled down. But even in my younger days, I never imagined a world like this."

"That first big surprise stretched me," said Con, "when we ran into the green valley. The palace made me numb, and the apartment of your little princess finished me—victrolas, apes and almanacs. If I had not seen my own father go down under koreh, I wouldn't believe that either. But as it is, I think nothing on God's Footstool will ever startle me again."

The white men lay for more than an hour talking in whispers and peering out into the great dim cave. No daylight could enter here, only the noiseless dance of orange-tinted shadows upon the further wall. At moments they could hear something of the activity of the miners. In another section of the subterranean passages. Then, abruptly, the arch at the left was darkened by large familiar forms, the soldiers.

There was a score of them, with smoking torches. A long limp bag was dragged upon the floor. The first glance about this part of the caverns was a disappointment to the big-framed warriors; but they had not completed their search. Swords clanked down against the rock floor as they opened one end of the sack. A black serpent slipped out at their feet.

From the elevation, Lexington saw the snake lift its head and rapidly tongue the legging of the nearest, who shoved it away with the blunt of his sword. The other soldiers stood still. Its small eyes were like jewels. A leather thong was fastened in a ring just back of its head. Holding their

torches high, the soldiers waited, and as the snake seemed disinclined to act, one huge rider caught its black length upon his scabbard and lifted it upon the ledge as high as his head. The serpent might go where they could not see. It remained still in the new position, in rather an angry mood, and then started upward. It did not come toward the white fugitives, but mounted the uneven walls opposite, until the leather rope in the hands of the man below was nearly played out.

Presently the serpent had circled the cavern and was bearing the Americans. Silently it progressed, from one shadow to the next. When the thought caught on a rocky point, the warrior below would whist his end of it, and the tether would go free. The snake paused with trembling rage at the distance, then went on.

Lexington had drawn his turban down over his neck, with face pressed to the rocks. But he could not withhold a glance at the approaching snake, and his heart beat heavily with terror. He steeled himself to hold perfectly still. The eyes of the reptile were upon him, now within two yards of his head. The long, silent body slid up to him. Under its dusky skin were golden markings, like sunlight on stagnant water. A forked white tongue was flickering in and out in a kind of smile.

There was no hesitation. The snake was hissing, gliding onward across the ledge. Con's soul was gripped in horror, but if the searching party had reckoned on forcing the fugitives to betray themselves by some outcry or sign of fear, they had failed. Neither American had so much as winked while the stuporous thing writhed past without striking.

The hunters passed on to the next cavern.

CHAPTER XI.

"You Are Making Me Unhappy." Con heard his friend breathing once more, exhaling pent air. They waited some time before moving out of the light place.

"A merry little worm, wasn't he?" whispered Con.

"Are you chilled?" asked March, whimsically.

"You are chattering, too," retorted the young man.

"I wonder if they left any of those behind, for our benefit?"

"I saw only the one, so I know it was real," said Lexington. "Gobi police dog. I'll never forget the glance he gave me—yellow diamond eyes. And do you know?"

"What?"

"He had a smell," whispered Lexington.

March laughed quietly and said he did not doubt that.

"There was a house in Dowagiac," continued Lexington, "a very old house. The walls were full of murder, and worse. A poor lady lived there, with a number of miseries, such as



jaundice and eczema. Her apron was always torn. She didn't do the murder. It did her. I was small then. I remember the broken plaster that came down upon the beds, which were gray and active, jump—dishes under the stove and under the table—the cats whose fur was stiff with garbage, and the grasshoppers that hung on the parlor curtains. Well, in that house, there drifted this same cold, poisonous smell."

Andrew March was very grave now. "I do not doubt that, either," he said. Lexington worked his way further

out of the crevice, to a position better for breathing, although still in the shadow. He rolled over upon his back, and drew up his knees, with a deep sigh.

"That house would be proud of me if they knew, and if I was able to bring back a straight story of this country, the source of the world's woe."

"Yes, that house, and many others. I am glad you feel as you do."

"I suppose our government would ask the Chinese government to co-operate in reaching and controlling Tan Kuan."

"And the Russian," added March. "They are badly hit."

"Do you think it is possible?" asked Con.

After a silence, the elder comrade said slowly: "To be frank, I have had faith and lost it, and regained and lost it so many times that I cannot say. It is my duty to try, but I can't say any more than that."

Lexington felt the curious depression again in his friend, an alarming weight.

The Arabian sailor appeared below them, grinning.

"You hold still!"

"Like stone," said Con.

"She do not strike you at all?"

"Passed both of us," said March.

"You are cherished of Allah," declared the sailor. "They have taken away four of us."

He granted a world of meaning. The sailors were punishing the miners for complicity. Perhaps the tale of the white men's "murder" did not impress the searching party.

"What will they do to the four?"

"Break leg," said the Arab. "Maybe starve."

Andrew March shuddered, and the strange one below volunteered: "My men do not like."

Lexington saw that two white strangers causing great trouble for the miners could not become very popular. March also understood. He said simply: "Take me before your men."

"Is there anything you can say?" asked Con.

"Only what I told them before," replied March. "We represent a nation that is as eager to punish Tan Kuan as these workers can be, if we can get back there to tell the story. I can make that clear, at least."

"They may not be in a mood to listen," said Con.

March smiled sadly. "Mood," he began, but shook his head.

The three men passed into the larger portion of the cavern, where the red-dish roof was marked with the flare from the burning gas below. Several women cried out sharply at sight of the white men and fled like timid animals to their rock-pockets up the walls. Their skirts were brief and ugly. Several very young children darted after their mothers to the safety of dark familiar haunts—too young to have been "spotted." It was only a period of months before they would be taken into the city, to be molded into slaves in the houses of the soldiers, the circulation of their blood retarded, their very souls distorted. Returning to the mines a year or more after, they would be lost and strange and as if orphaned among their own kin. Their family life did not receive sanction of the state.

The frightened women left food behind them. Jars stood close to the fissure from which came the fire. The contents had been prepared for baking. Con bent down to sniff at the open jars. March and the Arab passed on together, and Lexington waited, feeling himself useless in such a conference. He was more interested in finding an exit.

To the left was the passage leading to the foot of the slanting shaft. He noted a long vine that came down over the loose gravel like a guide-rope. Con climbed into the enlarging daylight toward the top. Sunlight, the old enemy, was beguiling. He was thinking that to Tan Kuan they have either too much sunshine or too little. The pale, haunted faces of the children below troubled him. An intense light was blinding him from above. A flash of desert days came over him oddly, a swift reminiscence of pain and thirst, gone in the space of one upward step, yet leaving a dryness in the throat. Con realized that the only trees within a thousand miles were the half-grown oaks outside the casements of the princess.

Now the air changed in his nostrils and he caught again the hot, sweeping currents of the sand. When the green blots left his eyes he raised his head above the level of upper earth and stared away. The city, less than a mile distant, was shimmering behind heat-waves, at moments dimmed by clouds of dust that rushed across the valley. He squinted to find the path they had taken last night through the fog, with the sleepers rising to find them.

A dromedary with baskets and a driver was coming out at the big gate. Out to the south was a motionless horseman, the sun flashing from his silver and steel. He seemed to be guarding the horizon. He was one of the scores who sought a trace of the fugitives. But nearer, along the road, was a third rider, centering between the green squares. Con's heart beat violently. He recognized the gray cloak of his princess.

She rode under the full blaze of high morning sun. The pony moved briskly. The watcher was puzzled as to why she came out in the great heat, leaving the shelter of the palace tiles. She was alone, save for the far figure of the sentinel. She was mounted perfectly, and this was comforting to Con, who longed for more signs of her western self. She reached the cut in the hill, the head of the ravine, and there drew rein. Vividly he recalled that it

was the point of their first meeting where her uplifted right arm had saved him, while with the left she concealed her face.

He swore to himself that he was presumptuous in imagining she had ridden there for any reason connected with himself, unless she too was seeking to discover the white disturbers of the empire and give them over to the vizir. Con argued with himself that she had gone to the ravine before she knew he existed, that probably she rode there each day for a constitutional, since there was nowhere else to go. Yet his emotions had their final say.

Lifting himself out at the mouth of the shaft, he glanced up and around. The sun was scorching. If he attempted to move along the face of the hill he would draw the eye of the sentinel and the end would come quickly. Con's turban and blouse were white and he felt that he must be glowing like a gem on the dun hillside. Greater than this difficulty was the fear that Helen would ride on or turn back before he could reach her. Nothing short of a word with her would suffice, although he could not recall that he had anything to say.

The shortest way out of sight was up the hill and over the crest, and Con began to worm upward as rapidly as possible. The sand he loosened must have made a long stream downward, a



And Con Began to Worm Upward as Rapidly as Possible.

perfect mark if the sentinel glanced that way. At the top, Lexington was breathless, but not from exertion. He was in furious excitement. Just a little way down the hill on the further side, and he stood erect to look. Helen was still at the head of the ravine. He halted for the road that led up to her.

When he was quite close, a timidity caught him, a pleasant trouble. It was the old gentleness where women were concerned, the familiar fullness in the throat and the shyest look that ever comes into the eyes of an adult male. But here was also a new driving force, a reckless impulse. He would have speech with her, princess or no. She did not see him. The sun was liquid silver upon her; and the next he was aware that she did see him. They occupied the positions, respectively of their first meeting, yet now the footing was different. Con ran up the road toward the pony. He crept up the side of the bank and found it convenient to kneel beside a boulder. He bowed.

"I wanted to talk with you," he said.

"They are looking for you," she replied.

"Your father is conferring with the Arab foreman and the miners."

"I knew you were safe, for there has been no rejoicing."

"There isn't going to be, on our account."

"I wondered where you were," she said.

Her voice was almost dreamy, a twilight in the midst of a blaze of sun. Con was fascinated by the play of light beneath the brim of her hat, and she seemed not to rebuke his glances. The gray cloak was of leather as fine as linen. Soft buff leather bound her ankles. The stirrups were no wider than three fingers.

She spoke again: "You are resting upon the grave of my mother."

Lexington started, but she said hastily: "Do not arise. They will see you."

"Thanks," he mumbled, again under the influence of the fact that she would shield him. In all she said was the same colorless melancholy, as if the monotony of the desert shadowed her voice. She continued:

"Elthina, my mother, has been lying here for five years. At first this was a little garden, which the vizir permitted me to make. There was a fountain then, beside that stone. I had little green plants for her. She loved a lotus. But the fountain could not live, either."

"You must miss her very much."

"Yes, oh, very much! Sometimes in the morning I call her, before I remember. I do not think she is really dead. When I dream, she is always here, with me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Making Terms.

Mr. Littlebeck—Kathryn, I love you. Will you be mine?

Miss Hardfax—Will I be yours? Never. But I will be pleased to accept you as my husband.

END OF EIGHT YEARS MISERY

Used Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound
and Recovered.

Newark, N. J.—"The doctor said I had an organic trouble and treated me for several weeks.

At times I could not walk at all and I suffered with my back and limbs so I often had to stay in bed. I suffered off and on for eight years. Finally I heard that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was a good medicine and tried it with splendid effect. I can now do my housework and my washing. I have recommended your Vegetable Compound and your Blood Medicine and three of my friends are taking them to advantage. You can use my name for a testimonial."

—Mrs. THELMA COVINGTON, 75 Burnett St., Newark, N. J.

You are invited to write for free advice. No other medicine has been so successful in relieving women's suffering as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive free and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.

True to Form.

Fully—"The doctor says he has saved her life nine times." Truly—"I always did think she was a real Judge."

Few have to bear the pain they have to bear.—Shakespeare.

SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1895. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three cases, all druggists. Guaranteed or your money back.

Look for the Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

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